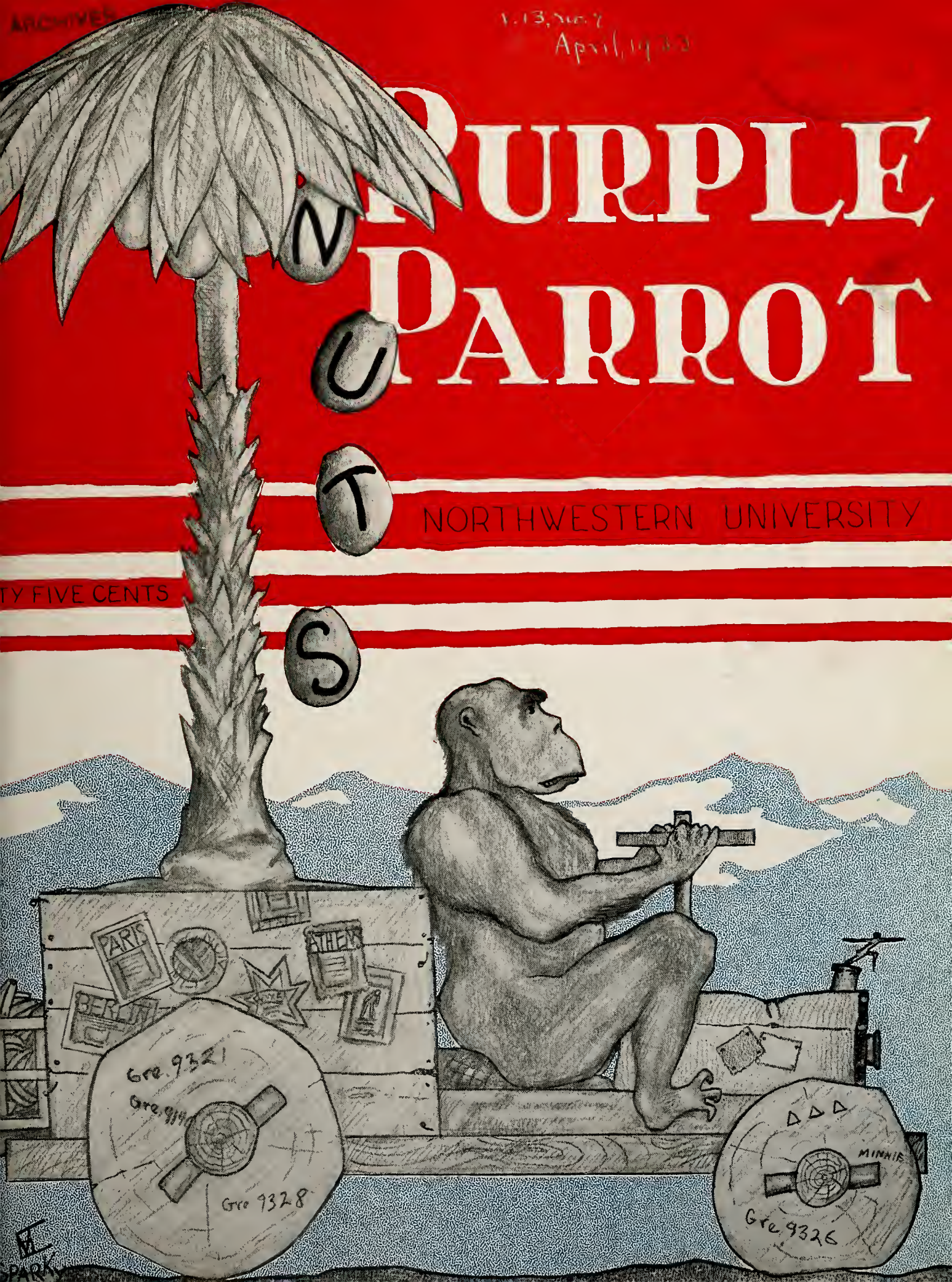


THE PURPLE PARROT

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

FIVE CENTS





on being duty bound

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They snickered when I sat down at the piano, but when I started to sing, their dogs howled, too!

She was only a farmer's daughter, but man! How she did shock the corn!

Say, Abe, does that nose of yours run in the family?

Oy, gevalt! Only yen I gotta colt in it, does it run.

"My! How revolting!" Quoth the young thing as she strolled past the Public Service Sub-Station.

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Say, June tells me you're an artist!

Why, she's crazy! I only told her that I could draw my own conclusions.

"I wish I lived in Sweden — divorces are almost unknown there."

"Perfectly natural, my dear fellow — the land of the safety matches— isn't it?"

Lehigh "Burr"

What you tell a woman goes in one ear and out the other.

What you tell a woman goes in both ears and out her mouth.

Randolph-Macon "Old Maid"

"I didn't raise my daughter to be fiddled with," said the cat as she rescued her offspring from the violin factory.

Kansas "Sour Owl"

Prof—"I shall not keep the class any longer this afternoon. You may all leave now."

Frosh—"But I don't want to leave for home. There's a new baby just come to our house."

Prof—"A little baby — you should be happy."

Frosh—"I'm not happy—Pa'll blame me—he blames me for everything." Grinnell "Malteaser"



"Number, plee-uz?"

"University fifty-sixsh hunnert and oh-oh."

"That's the number you are calling from, sir."

"Yeah. Wanna give myself a fight talk."

Harvard "*Lampoon*"

I asked her if she rolled them;

She said she's never tried.

Just then a mouse ran swiftly by,

And now I know she lied.

Boston "*Brown Jug*"

If all the hula dancers in the world were placed end to end, would their cheeks be red?

Lafayette "*Lyre*"

OUR LITTLE NELL

Through the darkness, through the blinding snow, she struggled on — each struggling footstep a heart-rending effort. Wild thoughts surged through her brain. Her father, her mother—were they still alive? Would they forgive and forget? Would they?

At last. The old home. The old door. She stumbled on—to collapse in a faint on the threshold.

"My daughter!" sobbed her mother.

"Mother!" murmured the girl.

"Where—where is your child?" demanded her father.

"Father," she stammered, "I—I have no child."

"No child?" shrieked the old man. "Ain't yew got no respeck for tradition?" And the old man booted her back into the cold, cold night. Boston "*Brown Jug*"

Gish—Sir, may I have your daughter for my wife?

Pop—Bring your wife around, and I'll see. Anapolis "*Log*"

Old Maid: Has the canary had its bath yet?

Servant: Yes, ma'am. You can come in now.

V. I. P. "*Skipper*"

Obstetrician — "See here, King Solomon, when do I get my two weeks' vacation?"

Washington "*Dirge*"

Φ B K

yet he flunked
feminology



A SHORT CHEER for this poor boy . . . and a very short one. When he figured that the ladies love a pipe smoker, he was right. But he ought to be told that they don't like heavy, soft-coal tobacco, in a soggy chimney of a pipe. He'll pass "feminology" the minute he starts smoking Sir Walter Raleigh in a well-kept briar. This fast-growing brand pleases the persons at both the stem and the bowl ends of the pipe by its aromatic mildness and rich, satisfying flavor. Young man, on your way to Greek class, stop in any tobacco store and spend the most useful 15 cents you ever spent for a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh Tobacco. It's kept fresh in gold foil.

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PURPLE PARROT

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Evanston, Ill.

April, 1933

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The Parrot Squawks

Editorial Notes and Comment

Less than an hour ago we were sitting on the edge of a kitchen table drinking a glass of malted milk and being quite gay. Now, while a squawking voice on the radio bellows forth in somewhat artificial gayety the scenes attendant on the return of beer, we must perforce sit down and write this editorial page.

And writing this page is a task which is exceedingly hard, for already graduation lies ahead of us like the first grey streaks of the dawn of doomsday, and lends a pallied coloring to all our doings. Even editorially we cannot turn our attention to the great campus problems of the moment, but needs must think of that Massacre of the Innocents which will take place in two months, when the scholastic guillotine will fall on so many innocent necks. We wonder, now that it is almost at an end, what our college career has meant to us.

Well, before us is our desk and at our side is a book shelf. What do they contain? Let us see. Hmmm. There's the poems of angelic Shelley and unearthly Keats and thwarted Byron. There is Wordsworth, at whom we yawned as a freshman and whom we re-read with interest as a senior. There's Lippman's *Preface to Morals*; here between two covers Anatole

France is chuckling at it all; there Dante wanders through a universe of thought; and *Faust*, after years of hurrying onward, calls upon the moment to stop in order that he may benefit his fellow-men. On those shelves *Odysseus* dwells forever with Calypso, and Dido bids eternal farewell to Aeneas; Alice in her Wonderland snuggles quite calmly up against the Greek dramatists; and *Anna Karenina* loves still not quite wisely, all unconscious of the fact that next to her Carlyle is preaching his doctrine of "Work, wonder, and worship" in *Sartor Resartus*. Boccaccio tells his merry tales, but Huxley, next to him, is more interested in Matthew Arnold, who stands next in line. And the Bible tells its glorious stories as beautifully as ever, quite unconscious of the fact that Dorothy Parker and Samuel Hoffenstein there are yelping out their cries of pain.

And on the desk is a broken stud, thinking over the gay scenes it witnessed before it broke under the strain. There is a compact left by somebody at the last house tea, reminding us of the night when the ice on the trees made a crystal fairy-land of a sometimes boring campus. There is the telephone, through whose metallic parts so many messages have come and gone, as young men



at school followed the brilliant gleam of romance. Even the pet turtles we keep in what used to be the bath-tub are reminiscent of scenes that may never come again.

Through the house about us go and have gone men with whom the days of youth have been gloriously shared. Some of them have already gone forth to meet the world; others are just shaking the dust of high school corridors off their shoes and have three years more of learning ahead of them. Some of them have already been bent by the World outside, but most of them are still very ignorant and very brave. There are other people, men and women, outside the house. And an hour ago we were drinking malted milk . . .

This, then, is the world which college has brought us. The world of books. The world of glamorous experience. The world of young people whose lives have been tied up so closely with ours.

In a month we will be leaving it all. Men and women beaten by life will take their places along with Alice and Faust and Wise Odysseus. The somewhat dreary business of bread and butter will occupy more time than soft music, low laughter, and cigarettes glowing in the dark. New faces will take the places of some of those we have known; some of the old ones may stay with us until wrinkles replace dimples, eyes grow more tired, and hair becomes bleached by the years.

Perhaps we are too romantic. Perhaps we wouldn't think such things if we had entered the commerce school or the engineering school or that of journalism. Yet, somehow, we do not think so. Soon the bustle of the loop may replace the rhythms of the lake; the clack of typewriters may grate on ears accustomed to the drone of the class-room; the crying of babies may be less alluring than the dreamy music of a waltz.

Yes, the grey streaks of the dawn of the Real Life already cast their light over the starry night of youth, and so, although the nation outside heralds the return of beer, we are a little sad. When the day breaks we hope to meet it courageously, honestly, and intelligently. Meanwhile, if those of us who are seniors, seem unimpressed with the doings of the collegiate world during the next few weeks, we hope you'll forgive us in our dotage. We must drain the last drop from the glass before we fill it with the cold water of life.

Sometime we will be middle-aged alumni, returning with wives and families. Our only hope is that the lessons taught us here by books, experience, and human relationships will not be taken from us when we leave, and that as middle-aged alumni we will have made our lives as beautiful as they can be if we do not forget the poems we have read, the ice we have seen on trees, and the young people with whom we have lived.

—J. K. N.

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What this country needs is more
gearless cars for all the shiftless
people.



"Grampa, what did mama mean when she said papa was impetus?"

"She was just explaining how I happen to be your grampa, son."

Cornell "Widow"

Speaking of flappers reminds us of the girl who, when she was good, was very, very good, but when she was bad she was hurried.

Texas "Battalion"



Dean: Where are your parents?

Co-ed: I have none.

Dean: Where are your guardians?

Co-ed: I have none.

Dean: Then where are your supporters?

Co-ed: Sir! You are forgetting yourself! Texas "Longhorn"

Girls who blush at jokes risqué
Know the meanings anyway.
Girls who offer no resistance
Lead an awfully nice existence.
"Judge"

He knocked at the door of my room.

"May I come in? It's the room I had when I went to college in '09," he said.

"Yes, sir," he said, lost in reverie. "Same old room. Same old windows. Same old furniture. Same old view of the campus. Same old closet."

He opened the door. There stood a girl, terrified, half clothed.

"This is my sister," I said.

"Yes, sir. Same old story!"

Arizona "Kitty-Kat"

The feet look as they did all right;
The arms look just the same in bed;
I recognize my waist and chest,
But where in hell did I get the head?
Yale "Record"

A pretzel is a funny thing
With long arms and legs
Going in every direction
Getting nowhere,
Being only good with beer.

Arizona "Kitty-Kat"

What's the use of living, nothing gained;

What's the use of eating, only pain;

What's the use of kissing, he'll only tell;

What's the use of anything—oh, hell!

Randolph-Macon "Old Maid"

"I hear the leading lady almost injured her leg."

"Yeah, she had a close shave."

Pennsylvania "Punch Bowl"

Chloe: "What you all calls it when a gal gits married three times—bigotry?"

Mose: "Lawd, no, chile, dat's when a gal gits married twice. When she gits married three times, dat's trigonometry."

Anapolis "Log"

He: I'm coming in. How can I get this door open?

She: The key is under the mat, but please don't come in.

Cornell "Widow"

He: Bet a dime I can kiss you without touching you.

She: I'll bet you can't.

(Smack.)

He: O. K. I owe you a dime.

Lafayette "Lyre"

"I haven't had any money to buy food for a month and if things get any worse I'll have to stop buying gas and oil!"

Pitt "Panther"

The nudist cult now has millions of enthusiastic followers — if you count the mosquitoes.

Chicago "Phoenix"

Dear, this is heaven.

Well, I'm not a harp.

Arizona "Kitty-Kat"

The expectant father nervously paced up and down in the foyer of the Maternity Ward. Then the nurse came out.

"Sir," she said, "congratulations, you're the father of a nine-pound boy!"

Five minutes later another nurse came out of the ward and said, "May I congratulate you? You are now the father of twins. Another child was just born to your wife."

Again he looked at his watch. "Isn't nature wonderful?" he said.

"Don't you want to see your wife?" queried the nurse as she turned to go.

"No," he replied, "The next one isn't due for an hour and fifteen minutes yet."

Texas "Battalion"

John—"Why are you sore at Bill?"

Mary—"He proposed to me last night."

John—"That's nothing to get sore about."

Mary—"But you don't know what he proposed."

Anapolis "Log"

Y—"I heard the kid bawling last night."

Z—"And after four bawls, he got his base warmed."

Georgia Tech "Yellow Jacket"

"I used to sell underthings to Nudists colonies."

"What kind of underthings?"

"Cushions, dodo, cushions."

Chicago "Phoenix"

Student (looking at medieval castle): "Gosh, but they built big places in those days. It must have a lot of rooms."

Guide: "Yes, however they didn't have any bathrooms."

Student: "How uncanny."

Arizona "Kitty-Kat"

MEN ONLY READ THIS!

Out of ninety thousand women there will be eighty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-four who will read this. The other six will be blind.

Georgia Tech "Yellow Jacket"

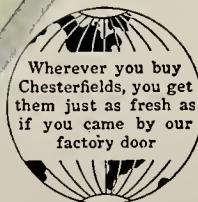


"I'm only the watchman, officer."



*B*y the way, you know
friends sometimes offer me
Chesterfields, and about the
only thing they say is, "I be-
lieve you'll enjoy them!"

they Satisfy



*—the Cigarette that's Milder
the Cigarette that Tastes Better*

HASTE MAKES—

A sorority cottage. The phone rings. Twenty girls flock to answer it. In the mad scramble one finally gets the receiver off the hook and answers it. "Hello," she coos.

"Hello, is Boo there?"

"Boo who?"

"There now, don't cry little girl. Central must have given me the wrong number."

Reserve "Red Cat"

"Climb upon my knee, Sonny Boy. And close your little eyes and go to sleep—

Before Papa slaps hell out of you!"

Carolina "Buccaneer"

They say that love is blind and that the home is an institution—therefore marriage must be an institution for the blind!

Carnegie Tech "Puppet"

"Jack is so thin that whenever he scratches his stomach, he gets ripples in his back."

Chicago "Phoenix"

"Too bad about the disappearance of Professor Smith. He was a profound thinker."

"Yes, he was always thinking no matter where he was. The last time I saw him he was in swimming and he suddenly called out: 'I'm thinking! I'm thinking!'"

"You fool! Professor Smith spoke with a lisp."

Grinnell "Malteaser"

One cold and rainy day three thousand years ago Aesop stood shackled before 42,031 armed Roman soldiers. He raised his hands to command silence, drew himself up to his full height, looked them squarely in the eye, and uttered these immortal words:

"Hi, Elmer."

Georgia Tech "Yellow Jacket"

HYMN ON MONDAY MORNING

If the face in the glass

Really looks like me,

Then God grant that I may have Personality. Yale "Record"

"He's just another Heat and Run Lover," whispered Minnie as the boy friend left at ten-thirty.

Minnesota "Ski-U-Mah"

Baby: "I want my bottle."

Mother: "Shut up — you sound like your father."

Boston "Brown Jug"

As the lamp shade said to the lamp, "Go out for awhile; you're gettin' me too hot."

V. P. I. "Skipper"

She: Do you care for pink step-ins?"

He: "Now let me see . . ."

Reserve "Red Cat"

First Co-ed: "How is your cumulative?"

Second Co-ed: "You know it's getting so big, I'm going to have to buy a corset."

M. I. T. "Voo Doo"

"Why do you look so pained?"

"I'm lazy."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"I'm sittin' on a cigarette."

Illinois "Siren"

All we need now is some worn-out Radio announcer to write, "I'm just a fugitive from a Chain Broadcast." Chicago "Phoenix"

Teacher: "Children, you will have to be a little more regular."

Little Johnny: "Will Ex-lax help, teacher?"

M. I. T. "Voo Doo"

Porter: "Boss, de ladies has finally given in, ain't they?"

Boss: "Given in? How?"

Porter: "Well, I just now seen down the street a sign dat said, 'Ladies-Ready-to-Wear Clothes.'"

Anapolis "Log"

Lady Clerk (in music store): Can I show you something?

Man: Yes, "Bend Down, Sister."

L. C.: Wouldn't you rather see "All of Me?"

Ohio "Green Goat"

A young lady went into a drug store. "Have you any Lifebuoy?" she asked.

"Set the pace, lady," said the young drug clerk, "set the pace."

Pitt "Panther"

Where there's a will—there's a lot of relatives. Exchange

"Get something in your eye?"
"No, I'm just trying to look through my thumb."

V. I. P. "Skipper"

Aren't the acoustics terrible in here?

Yeah, one just bit me.

California "Pelican"

What is a caterpillar?
An upholstered worm.

Orange "Owl"

A bachelor is a man who never makes the same mistake once.

Chicago "Phoenix"

"Is he drunk?"

"No, he always likes to nap on the running board of his car at 3 a. m. with his tux on."

Wisconsin "Octopus"

"I want some beer, waiter."

"Yes, sir, Pale?"

"No, just a glass will do."

Reserve "Red Cat"

Then, one from Ed Wynn:

I hear that the whole police force was called down to the airport the other day.

What for?

Because Gandhi was going to take off.

IN A BUSINESS WAY

"Shay, y'know that wooden Indian down in front of Jack's shigarstor?"

"Yeh, sure I do."

"Well, he dunno you."

Boston "Brown Jug"

Then there was the boy who drank two bottles of gold paint and now feels guilty.

V. I. P. "Skipper"

POLLYANNA

Hello Mugs:

Well, now that the Daily has eliminated Aunt Polly's competition, youse guys and gals out thar in the tall corn can consider me the purveyor of the latest and best in the line of campus dirt. The Daily has tried to lift its tone by eliminating the lowbrow element; and your old Aunt hears that the Dictator of the policies of that rag is trying to eliminate, or rather, to supplant, one of the other columnists.

Anyhow, it seems funny to me that the Literary Editorship is the only one which requires an assistant. Note to Northway and other editors: If you can't get 'em any other way, create jobs for 'em on your staff!

Absence makes the heart grow fonder—lykell! It took only two weeks after Ollie Jahn left for California for Tetting to take his place with the old Phi Bete, Ruth Wallister. And for finesse in two-timing, Auntie donates an enameled shaving mug named Julius to Ernie Beutler, who has two gals happy and unsuspecting. And when he says "my steady girl," Dubsky and Porazinski and the next of those lowbrows just laff. To Ginny Dawes, life is just one cheerleader after another.

Auntie thinks this is a swell crack—even if Punkinhead Kawal did make it! When the Pugger got up in class a short time ago and gave the kids a dissertation on the Lakes to the Gulf Waterway, the Prof. was astounded. "Where did you get your information, Mr. Rentner?" he asked. "Why, I helped build that waterway last summer," said Pug, modestly. And Kawal, half-way across the room, yells, "Attaboy, Pug, you're making history!"

Ed Whalen will be eligible next semester or know the reason why. Just now he's over at Lewis Institute taking twelve hours of history. And Harry Zinder, one of the ex-highlights of this glorious institution for the feeble-minded, is in

Palestine. He's probably writing a column for the Daily Bugle, or organizing parades, or something equally as useful. Always was an enterprising bird, that Zinder!

The furore which the High Mogul of the Daily expected when the birth of Monsieur PEPYS was announced failed to bring rain and as yet he has not been asked to drop in and place ye old name on ye old dotted line by any of the Chicago city editors; however, the good Monsieur who answers in class to the name of JOE Bananas is doing a good job with that trying sheet of his and as long as he doesn't try to muscle in on ole Auntie's stuff everything is JAKE.

Wal! Wal! . . . it is quite evident that Northwestern's two most popular exponents of modern . . . and ancient . . . drama—Ken Higgins and Lucille LUND—have at last reached a reconciliation. Auntie is still very curious KEN old man as to just how you explained that little Madison affair . . . you must be a Houdini. Maybe D. D. is sorry about that crack she made about you in the Daily but I'm afraid that gal ain't got no sense of the aesthetic like youse artists anyway.

A very pretty spectacle indeed took place in front of the Sigma NU house Wednesday evening after the WAA-MU performance. The car looked a bit like DeWolfs and much as I hate to say so I'm afraid that the male profile was no other than that of our All-American half-back. Wot a tangle. Time 12:15. Wait'll the PI PHIS see this Pugger.

One of the best of the month out of the DELT house is the story that Sweeney (you know . . . the guy who is continually caught trying to embalm himself before his time comes) has a freshman wake up Peck in the morning to inquire where he (Sweeney) had been the nite before. Peck doesn't usually know either.

Auntie hereby nominates H. R. H. Admiral Frank (MOON-

HEAD) KYSER as the official BOOB of the month for having nothing better to do in the afternoon than to wheel the INANE SOCIETY around in that flagship cement mixer of his and take in the gaff they shoot him for the ride. In case you ain't been around lately the cargo usually consists of Skippy Bow-LIMBS WEAKE, Egghead Mesick, Kent, THE Janis sisters, Frog-face Jacobs, Burke, King Ben Van Esse, Stallion Hastings, Gourd-head Gilson, Piles Smith, Varsity Arnquist, High and empty Fling, Chapter House Rundall, Chuck (BEER-LIPS) Allen, and a few dozen other crack-pots. If that ain't a motley array I never saw one.

AUNTIE WANTS TO KNOW . . .

Why McIntosh got the air in the first place, and also how he ever shook himself loose from enough do-re-mi to buy her all those flowers so as to put the fix on the trouble? How do you do it Thackery?

Why LIBBY Townsend was dodging Apley at the curtain of the last performance?

What Dodge and Denson were doing behind the scenes? Also what picture Schuyler and Iredale thought they were making at the same time?

Why Helen Heim didn't like the SIGMA CHI Hobo party. Was Henry telling you about Culver again?

Why Sally Owens does that drop kick dance step?

What Hank Stimson and Susie P. B. K. Harbottle were arguing about in the Cafe d'Alex, and what was on the table?

Why HOP TOY Mesick is starting to moon around THE D. G. house again? It's no use Willie . . . even though summer is hence you'll never be asked to Puntscharts summer home again.

Why Van Esse jumps when that BELL gal says FROG?

Why JOYCE SNYDER doesn't tell the dope that he irks her?

WHY I CAN'T KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT . . .

S'long fish,

AUNT POLLY.

A Collegian Admonishes Himself

By H. Increase Stimson

"It won't be long, Henry, before you must ask, 'Where do I go from here?' It seems only yesterday when I counselled with you, my somewhat esteemed self, as to how a freshman might get recognition in the college world, and not be cut down, and tucked away, as a mere meal-ticket by some designing female. Perhaps, Henry, that danger is not wholly passed, but most freshman problems are. The next burning question arising before you and me, ourself, Henry, is how a college graduate may gain recognition as a part of the human race.

"It is one thing, Henry, to be Ol' Man Stimson's fur-coated, bright, boy, home for the holidays from college, and it is quite another thing to have graduated, having left the glamor on the campus, and the fur-coat in the hock-shop, and to be merely yourself, in some other man's town, on ten dollars a week.

"You haven't had a taste of that, Henry. To be sure, you have worked summers, but that is an entirely different thing. A collegian, working summers, keeps his glamor with him. As long as you are 'going back to school in September,' fair young things will come around at close of day, and fish you out—even out of a tannery—and regard you as 'sumpin',' even before you have changed your clothes. But once you have been handed your diploma—God and Northwestern's faculty willing — Henry, you will lose your glamor as an employed saint loses his halo. How then, Henry, old boy, can a collegian progress without glamor? Even a tail-coat and a plug hat turn to dust and moth-holes the first few years out of college.

"Emerging from the not-too-vine-clad portals of your chosen

alma mater, Henry, and putting your new diploma, when you get it, to your eye, telescope-wise, what, then, will you see on the far horizon? Probably, Henry, you will notice that the pal, with whom you parted at the close of high school days is now manager of the A. & P. grocery store, and that he is attending the weekly luncheon of the Merchants Bureau and is holding a place on a Chamber of Commerce committee. The managership of a grocery-store, Henry, is, of course, a somewhat despised job, but you will notice that the highly honored positions appear to be filled by gentlemen extremely robust and tenacious. The undertaker will be the only business man with any comprehension of the needs of a collegian.

"The bitterest pill of all, no doubt, will be when the fair co-ed, who has been your contemporary, seeing eye-to-eye with you in point of age and in mental appreciation, takes up with the manager of the A. & P. store. Yes, Henry, the girls marry first. You will go back to your first class reunion, back to the old fame and glamor, and at that meeting the willowy young thing who led the grand march at the Junior Prom will have matched her name almost precisely with that of the agricultural implement manufacturer. She will brag of Junior and the superb staying qualities of his wet nurse. Then, Henry, you will begin to think back to those 'little girlie shrimps' who came over from junior high school just as you were going off to college. Pooh-pooh, you say? Ah, of course, eighteen never sees fifteen, but a college graduate, at twenty-four, often concludes that the pretty little thing who decided not to go to college, but to stay home, help mother, and learn to

cook, is not so bad, after all.

"But the 'girl-question,' Henry, will not bother so much in the days when you are undergoing the freshman novitiate to the human race. More often than not, the college graduate decides to be a bewhiskered old anchorite, plodding nightly before his cabin, with his head bent on his chest, just to make the world aware of the wisdom it is missing. But, Henry, that does not go so well, so you will probably become the errand boy of all the altruistic interests about town. You will become the secretary of almost every organization there is, providing no salary is attached. If you prove to be a glutton for work, the altruistic societies will permit it in their behalf.

"You will begin your novitiate in politics by consenting, in your own mind, to be governor. But no one, save yourself, will seem to realize how much more fit you are than the incumbent, and so your concessions will come to naught. By some chance you will become secretary of the Third Ward Republican club, instead, and eventually become an alternate to the county convention.

"In the meantime, without your knowing how it came about, your earning status will somehow improve. The manager of the A. & P. store will not loom quite as formidable as he did. You will become immersed in ordinary life somewhat after the fashion you became immersed in college life. As in college, being an upper-classman will turn out to be nowhere near as intoxicating as it was deemed it would be while a freshman.

"About this time, Henry, you will very nearly forget that you have ever been to college, and almost everyone will forget it as well. There will be times, along about

this period, when you will even forget to look in the Sunday paper to 'see how the team came out' on the previous Saturday. Interests and connections will accumulate, and the status of the manager of the A. & P. will no longer unduly irritate. True, Billingsgate and Eisenbizer will be pointed to as 'doin' pretty well—and they didn't go to college, either' but this taunt will not rankle as it once did. You will not be rolling up much of a bank account, but you will find yourself consulted in state and community affairs twice to the A. & P. manager's once.

"By now, Henry, conditions will have reached a point that will lead you to decide that you need a home, and therefore a wife. Not quite as you thought it would be on palpitant June nights, of campus days, you will go into partnership. The society column of the home town newspaper will once again mention your college and fraternity connections. As a bridegroom, some glamor will return to you, and you will be invited to become a solicitor in the community welfare drive, despite some attractive places of preferment you would rather fill.

"Though still underpaid and underappreciated, you will notice, about this time, a distinct thickening about the waistline. You will have ceased to grow at both ends, and will have started to grow in the middle, so, henceforth, you will be known as an adult. Instead of wanting to be governor, and instead of wishing to go to Congress, your waking hours will be divided between making a living, and endeavoring to keep a racketeer out of the gubernatorial chair, and a bank robber out of Congress. If you succeed, you will feel happy. The manager of the A. & P. will be 'for' both the racketeer and the bank robber, because they will 'help business.'

"The days will go by on silver wings,' as it used to be related on the motion picture screen, before the 'talkies' came in to declare

the flight of time more raucously. Without knowing it, the mental attitudes of your college days will begin to shape your doings. You will be known as an 'old grad,' by now, and will be asked, because of this newly acquired designation, to contribute, surreptitiously, to the 'little fund the fellows are raising to buy the coach a superior pair of binoculars, wherewith to follow the play.' Besides being singled out in this manner, you will be showered with opportunities to hold a lot of offices that you would have palpitated to hold ten or fifteen years before, and your hours will be given up to side-stepping the offers.

"By this time, Henry, you will think that it would be a lot more fun to send Junior through college than to go to Congress yourself. Being great in your own right will turn to dust and ashes in your grasp. The public will have begun to tell how smart you are and what a 'whizz' you were in college. You will, believe it or not, Henry, take this 'guff' for what it is worth, smiling inwardly, and recognizing a bit of wisdom that has come to you with the years. You will feel, by this time, that college meant something very worthwhile, but you will find it hard to explain just what to the A. & P. manager, who wants the school taxes reduced.

"When you have gotten this far, Henry, the 'old folks' will be either an encumbrance or a slightly tombstone, but this fact will make less difference, from a coldly economic viewpoint, than you once supposed, for, long since, you will have sensed that you are no longer a dependent, but are wholly 'on your own.' This fact will be brought home to you most poignantly the first time you have to borrow on your life insurance, instead of 'hitting the ol' man.' Life, Henry, will be getting on. In college days and in college haze, the fact that, one day, you will be past middle life appeals to you in the manner of a formula in higher mathe-

matics — merely a statement, and nothing more.

"But one day, Henry, Junior will go off to college. You will pretend that it is the back-breaking financial problem of your whole life, but it will be mostly pretense. It may be back and bank breaking, but how you will enjoy it! You will be going to college again—by proxy. You will indulge yourself in the fun of a son at college, even if it reduces the rest of the family to beans and hamburger. The show must go on, Henry, and on it will go. . . .

"Warm September afternoons will find you sitting in the slant rays of a fall sun, reviving your interest in the classics, and fishing up other old books that merely tell, and retell, the similar experiences of the human race. One day there will be a longer funeral procession than one would suppose, and the devil will remark: 'High time, Old Top; you are welcome, cum laude.'"



In "per" suit of education



Bunker: What do you think of Lombardo?

Hill: Oh, he's a great Guy.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said the lecturer, "I understand the language of wild animals."

From the back of the hall piped a voice: "Well, the next time you see a skunk, ask him what's the big idea!" Lafayette "Lyre"

THIS MONTH'S SHORT STORY

Two hearts
One diamond
Seven trump
One club
Two spades and a pine box.
Ohio "Sun Dial"

Give me a drink of wine or gin,
Or even a glass of beer,
It's not as soft as a woman's lips,
But a damn sight more sincere.
Temple "Owl"

Weather Forecast
Saturday fair, probably followed
by Sunday.
Stanford "Chaparral"

Jane: "I want a shorter skirt than the one you showed me."

Clerk: "This is the shortest we have. Have you tried the collar department?"
"Claw"

COEDS

Since time immemorial men have been prone to discuss subjects of which they know nothing about. (Look at our "profs.") They have elucidated with great bombasticity about abstract nothings with such eloquence that one can not help wondering why-for and when. So making a vain attempt to follow these blatant blasts I have selected the most abstract subject I could find—Coeds, ladies, gentlemen, and Sigma Nus—Coeds.

Admitting at the beginning that I know absolutely nothing about co-eds I therefore feel competent to discuss these exhibitions of feminine pulchritude with the ease and diligence of an expert. So to begin with you can easily see that there is a discrepancy and a mistake, too. Therefore, I find myself baffled at the start, but that has always been my experience with co-eds so why not here?

Let us apply this scientific method to our observation. In the beginning, so I am told, woman was created from the spare rib (or was it the floating rib?) of man; so co-eds could not have been included in this creation, because there existed no esteemed alma maters such as ours. Therefore let us conclude that the co-ed must have been the creation of a diabolical genius. Or were they? You have me there "prof" ask me another. And speaking of professors let us look at the co-ed from the angle of the professor, but perhaps that is a bit indiscreet.

At any rate, man in his journeys down the highways of life is thrown into contact with the co-ed, "God Bless 'Em," apologies to our esteemed ex-English dispenser — Benny Devoto. Therefore, let us raise high our shields and shout with one accord, "Chivalry is not dead!" Would that it were. Or as Omar Khayyam might have said, "Sic semper tyrannis." He might have said it, I don't know whether

By C. HORACE PERRY

he did or not. But what connection has this with co-eds, for that matter what connection has anything with co-eds? And by the same token Marie Antoinette once asked, "Why don't you eat cake?" The co-ed has answered this. "Because it makes one fat." Ah me! Life is so complex.

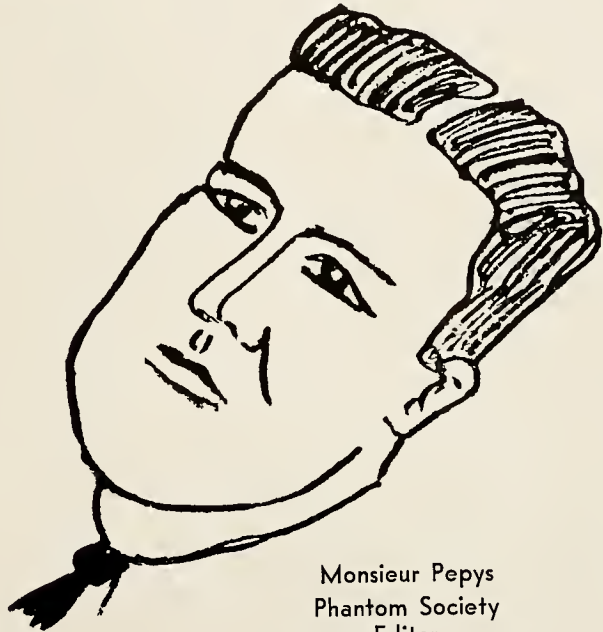
And now turning from the sublime to the ridiculous let us discuss co-eds. Let us take up a fund to erect a statue to the fast disappearing co-ed. Because if many more of them copy the swanky attire of Marlene Dietrich it will be virtually impossible to distinguish a co-ed from a gigolo. Besides we could, for want of a better reason, hold another queen contest to select a co-ed to pose for the statue, or perhaps several co-eds. For example, one with the most beautiful back, one with the most beautiful neck, etc. And speaking of the word neck, it used to be a noun—now it is a verb, I understand. Anyway it would mean one more beauty queen for dear old N. U. And, by the way, if all the beauty queens at Northwestern were lined up side by side they would reach to the middle of Lake Michigan. But that is where they should be, so what could be more fair? And think of what a cozy roost for birds such a statue would make. Imagine the touching scene of a little sparrow rearing its brood in the hair of Northwestern's most beautiful co-ed. Or as Seneca would say, "Verbum sap." I don't think he did, but he would have if his wife had given him a chance. She must have been a so-ed.

In conclusion, I might remind you that so far I have said absolutely nothing, but what is there to be said on such a subject? And speaking of saying nothing, if I can ever master that ability, maybe I can be a professor. But who wants to be?

PARROTRAITS ~ ~ By Smith and Catlin



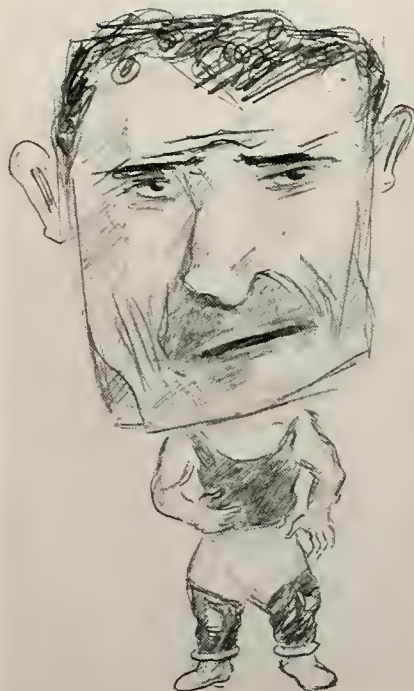
Capt. Wes Brown
Champion Wrestler



Monsieur Pepys
Phantom Society
Editor



Ivan Combe
Business Manager
of Daily Northwestern



Jack Spencer
Headlock Artist



A BOLT FROM THE NUT-HOUSE

AS TOLD TO AN INMATE

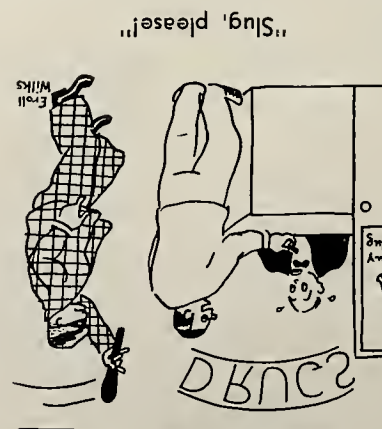
They knew I was nuts because I passed an Economics exam without cheating. So one bright day, the little padded cart rolled up to the front gate and picked me up—along with a couple of English profs and any two sorority girls that they saw on the street. The “wagon” ran smoothly like a lawnmower in a gravel pit and finally we arrived at the “National Fun Farm” (this is not the Capitol of the United States). They were “awfully” nice to me once they got me inside. We, the new members, had to wear the suits of the institution. I tried my best to get a straight-jacket with robe shoulders and two pair of pants, but had to be satisfied with a sport outfit and knickers. If you think it’s tough having a date with an Alpha Phi, you should try “necking” with a straight-jacket. It is very similar to eating a ham sandwich with the mumps just after you have been fingering a raccoon coat that sheds.

My roommate had been kept on the merry-go-round too long when he was a child and was still dizzy. The inspectors had pronounced him minus the machinery because he wanted to be a Sigma Chi. I knew he was nuts because he was a Sigma Chi. So I had to room with a Sigma Chi, but I had had bad luck all my life. He still thought Hoover was President and wanted the Sigma Chis to initiate him because he had been through “Hell Week”—in fact four years of it. Bumping into the padded walls always gave him a headache and as for me—well, he was no Aspirin tablet. There were two fellows continually arguing that Venus de Milo lost her arms when she sent her “mitts” out to a Hand Laundry to be washed. One of those idiots thought that birth control was the head man on a pullman. This proves beyond all doubt that when the gray matter was presented, he was not there and he’s still absent-minded. He was the kind of a guy that wondered what Santa Claus did in the summer and liked the milk-shakes at the Union Grill.

About five minutes of six, one of the workers dropped a hammer on my roommate’s forehead—giving him the idea that we ought to escape from this lodge. I glanced once more at the bars on the windows and seeing that they were not “Hershies,” I believed we had about as much chance as a man with lockjaw playing “Postoffice.” But my fellow-maniac kept complaining that room service was poor—this finally won me and we got four more “nuts,” and together we put our one brain to working. We selected by

closed ballot a President of the Escape Club. He was born insane and in Wilmette. So, although he was the cream of Wilmette, he was also nut-bred. (We could add a sentence about the nut-cracker but someone had just eaten it.) After sixty-one years of steady thinking, without food or water, we came upon the plan of walking down the main corridor. The President stopped it and then brought it before the rest of us. It seems that there was one guard at the servants’ entrance of the asylum. He really had only half the furniture in his attic also — yet he was considered sound mentally. However, he did have a violent temper and he was still mad because they didn’t use airplanes in the Revolutionary War. We awaited our chance and one night the President told us that our chance had caught up with us and we were to escape in a few minutes.

All of us walked down the aisle at about two miles an hour until we reached the guard, then our President told him that the government was going to put a tax on people that even smelled like the Valencia. This immediately burned him up and as he went up in smoke, the asylum caught on fire and between the blazes we escaped. (Notice to students of escaping processes: this is known as the fire escape.) When we reached the outside we found it was raining pitchforks. All but the President and myself were stabbed and cut to pieces. We placed our heads under a dime we found and were saved until it stopped raining. My companion left me with the idea that he was going to the zoo to see the Cubs play the Tigers. This was the first time I realized that he liked baseball. We semaphored “goodbye” to each other and I cashed three checks on a Michigan bank and faded into the darkness.



ANOTHER PARROT

This story concerns a lonely student who bought a parrot to keep him company. The parrot, however, maintained a stolid silence, so the exasperated student went to the person who had sold him the bird and complained. The shopkeeper said, "Just take him by the legs and swing him around. He'll talk."

On returning to his room the student grasped the parrot by the legs and whirled him around.

"Whee!" cried the parrot.

At this encouraging response the student swung the bird faster.

"Wheeeee!" was the raucous reply.

The third time he whirled the bird about him with all his might, and the parrot chuckled, "Hot damn, what a breeze!"

Cornell "Widow"

Fair Divorcee: "Why did you leave your husband?"

Prospective Ditto: "I couldn't bear his constant persecution."

Fair but Dumb: "How terrible. You should have made him use Lifebuoy."
"Flamingo"

Co-ed—Shopping: Where can I get some silk covering for my settee?

Floor Walker: Next aisle and to your left for the lingerie department, Miss. Cornell "Widow"

Pi: Man oh man, was he ever a necker!

Phi: Who?

Pi: Da Vinci—they say he spent two years on Mona Lisa's lips.

Nebraska "Awgwan"

And then there's the Communist who was kicked out of the party for having pink toothbrush.

New York "Mercury"

Father: Mary, is that young man there yet?

Mary: No, father, but he's getting there. Harvard "Lampoon"



1st Kappa: Do you like the Four Mills Brothers?

2nd Conceited Gal: Oh, I love them. Especially the deaf and dumb one that plays the harp.

CAMPUS PANE GRE ~ ~

By Ruth Walliser

Of all the unheard of things! To sit down to praise *sincerely* a university endeavor. Our Dear Reader, accustomed so long to hearing (joyfully) his alma mater being panned for this, this, this, and that, will probably think that I am entering audaciously into the realm of the G. K. Chesterton paradox when he sees the title of this page. I hang my head in shame and admit that I have gone over to the right-hand wing to join with the respective presidents of the WSGA, MU, WAA, Students' Council, and Northwestern University in flinging eulogia at our great school of learning. Yes, in the forthcoming paragraphs, I will pat the Northwestern School of Speech and the WAAMU show on the back most severely.

Belle Lamar, a late nineteenth-century melodrama by Dion Boucicault, was presented in March. I have seen many of the civil war and after-dark types of melodramas produced by professional companies, but none met the success of this play's presentation. The serious and sincere attitude that the players took toward their play was far more effective than the usual burlesquing mood. The student audience, usually impassively dignified, wept, cheered and hissed in turn at the awful predicaments of the fair 'Vaginnie' belle who had renounced her northern husband because of love for the sunny south, and at the traitorous villain's reformations when he finds that this belle whom he loves is the wife of his old schoolmate.

The director, Mr. John Baird, evidently saw to it that everything, including the programme, should be authentic of the melodrama era.

Later in March, the Lenten *Everyman*, an adaptation by Baird from the old English morality play, was given by the School of Speech, open to the public. The Summoning of Everyman is the simple tale of Everyman being called by God to give an account of his life. The voyage is long and difficult, but when Everyman asks Fellow, Goods, Cousin, and Kindred along as his companions, they shrink away from him in hate as they find he is leaving for the land of Death, never to return. Everyman is alone and frantic, not knowing which way to turn, but at last Knowledge, Discretion, Beauty, Strength, and Five Wits come to his assistance. But when Everyman goes to face God, then alone he stands—with Good Deeds strengthened by Confession—in judgment. Despite the simplicity and symbolism of the play, it is tensely dramatic. The scene is entirely made up of black backdrops except for a large glass rectangle, changing in colorful designs as the theological interpretations vary. A modern innovation, that is somehow, at the same time, in sympathetic spirit with the medieval cast of the play.

The first WAAMU show to be of any dramatic value was, in my opinion, *Hats Off* (Book by Rollin

Laughner). At last, we have a satirist of first-rate quality on our campus. This all-student-talent musical comedy out-Marxes *Horsefeathers* (remember the professors' chorus), and out-sings *Of Thee I Sing*. Milton University is publicity mad. Every student—every professor—every organization—want *their* names plastered up before the public view. The President is disgusted at the small amount of success he achieves with the 'prodigy' plan. It only gets one small newspaper write-up. But his big opportunity at publicity comes when Princess Margot of Lavana announces her intention of becoming a student at Milton. But the Princess so overshadows everyone else as a celebrity that the football team is in revolt. To make a name for themselves they go off and marry taxi-dancers (and live happily ever after, for all I know). The melodies were gaily or sentimentally well polished off, and the dancing rather sprightly and original.

The Red Tooth, presented March 30 in the School of Speech, was translated from the French, produced and directed by Edith Stebbins for her Master's thesis. It is a heavy tragedy, teeming with the superstitions of small-chalet Alpine Swissmen—the kind of superstition that often leaves murder or unhappiness in its wake. A cast that worked in unison splendidly put on the tragic parts as realistically and convincingly as the lighter bits in the play. Such scenes as dancing and a party and a fist-fight, that assume usually an unmistakable staginess when enacted by amateurs, reached nearly a perfect state of naturalism.

The play was marred only by a superfluous number of themes weaving through it and confusing the audience. First, there is the urge—the fatalistic instinct—that prompts all the Swiss around the hamlet of La Piarraz to try to conquer the Red Tooth, a virgin mountain peak—an instinct comparable to the impelling force that drive on the Irish in *Riders to the Sea*. But one of the youths, Pierre Tairraz, finds in his heart another love, the love for a woman. The second theme is the unsuccessful attempt of the two to bring themselves into unity—the one, a city-bred young lady, the other, a rough, uneducated mountaineer. In addition, there is the suggestion of inner moral degeneration between the members of the family Tairraz, and the mist of superstitions that finally effect the death of Pierre just after he conquers Red Tooth. The heroine, however, not content with events as they are, asks the curé in the end if the psychological result of wishing that her husband were dead might not have been a cause of his slipping and falling. The author, Lenormand, might well have been content to work out his play simply with only one or two of these ideas in mind.



It seems that an American film actress was applying for admission to a college and was filling in her application with a dean.

Dean: "Unmarried?"

Actress: "Well, occasionally."

Chicago "Phoenix"

"Here comes the parade. Where's Auntie?"

"She's upstairs waving her hair."

"Goodness, can't we afford a flag?"

California "Pelican"

He (tensely): "I feel the approach of an emotional crisis!"

She (demurely): "Oh, John!"

He (apologetically): "I just lost the damned suspender button."

Cornell "Widow"

"What do you think of the Museum of Art?"

"Oh, the pictures are good enough, but there ain't no good jokes under them."

Wesleyan "Wasp"

"Something seems to be wrong with this engine, it——."

"Don't be foolish, wait until we get off this main road."

Texas "Battalion"

Wife—There is company at the door and we are not through with dinner yet.

Scotchman — Quick, grab a toothpick!

Texas "Battalion"

The family black sheep took the car out the other night, lost control, and got rammed!

Johns Hopkins "Black and Blue Jay"

The cat drowsed on the hearth rug; the knitting needles were in their place by the old rocking chair; the grandfather clock struck eight.

Grandma: "Now where in the hell is that gigolo?"

Randolph-Macon "Old Maid"

"Wives, is he all played out when playtime comes?" asks an ad. If he is, old girl, you know what THAT means!

Ohio "Green Goat"

"Dear Teacher," wrote an indignant mother, "you must not whack Tommy. He is a delicate child, and isn't used to it. We never hit him at home except in self-defense."

Anapolis "Log"



From the sublime to the pediculous.

"Eliza," said a friend of the family to the old colored wash woman, "have you seen Miss Edith's Fiancé?"

"No, ma'am. It ain't been in the wash yet." Anapolis "Log"

A lot of people eat grapefruit for the pure spurt of it.

"Judge"

WE BET YOU CAN'T GET THIS

Mary put on her little skates

Upon the ice to frisk,

Now wasn't Mary very brave

Her little—. "Carolinian"

She stepped from out the bathtub, All wet and bare and bold, A fact which didn't impress me— She was only two years old.

Cornell "Widow"

A little Jewish boy was weeping copiously on a busy New York street corner. Passersby stopped and asked his trouble; but all they could elicit was "I'm lost." Finally a large crowd gathered and the boy, after looking around, said, "(Sniffle) I'm lost. I live in Leve Goldberg's Big Economy Store at 14th Street and Second Avenue, where we are holding a mammoth bankruptcy sale, with all goods at greatly reduced prices for this week only. Boo-hoo."

Anapolis "Log"



"Aw, nuts!"



LEVIS ET VERITAS

By R. H. Halpín

This is a lecture that I give every year, so those unfortunates who are repeating the course need not stay. If there are any of those conscientious people who never miss a class, here, they may go, too. It will be their only chance to escape me for four months. As I look around at the faces before me, I wonder why some of you are here. After almost thirty years of teaching, I have arrived at a low estimate of collegiate intelligence, though I am always delighted to be fooled by one of my students. One semester two of them fooled me. I *shan't* forget it very soon, or ever.

This is what is popularly known as a 'gut' course. By that I mean that there is nothing very arduous about the work to be done, which will cause you to lose any of those precious spring afternoons or evenings that the Lord certainly must have intended for beer-drinking, or necking some place about the countryside. I *don't* ask you to buy a textbook, which either the head of the department or some boon companion of his has written to be retailed at four dollars a copy. You *don't* have to come to class, if you *don't* want too. As you see there is a goodly crowd here, and you won't be missed. No one will be reported as overcut because I happen to *dislike heartily* the local physician who has been making a small fortune by writing out certificates for all of you.

We'll have an examination or two in the course of the semester. Regulations demand it, and I know none of you would want to omit a thing the rules require. I used to have a perfect, well nearly perfect, method of correcting papers, but I gave it up some years ago. I had a little roulette wheel with which I was accustomed to win inconsiderable amounts from my friends who were silly enough to believe that they could circumvent the unalterable laws of mathematics.

I knew fairly well from years of experience how many A's, B's, C's, etc., might be expected. By numbering the papers and spinning for the grades, I quickly and pleasantly finished my labors. One day I slipped, for I very carelessly, gave a boy an A, and later discovered

that he had turned in an empty exam-book. I saved my face by telling the class that it was an experiment in psychology, but discarded the labor-saving device.

Maybe that was why the university gave me 'readers' for my papers. I prefer to believe they gave me the assistants because I was growing old and gray in service. You may think the idea was a little crude, but I assure you there was no more griping then than there was before, and has been since. Perhaps my present 'readers' are using some such system; if they make the mistake I did, I am sure they will be perfectly willing to change the 'A' for the mark you earned.

Will some one please open the window next to those men sleeping in the back row? I would hate to have them wake up, and not feel refreshed. Thank you. I want you all to feel free to doze in here at anytime, especially on Monday mornings after a hard week-end.

I see we have a few athletes in the class. I imagine that you boys are acquainted with my treatment of muscle men. I never flunk a football player in the second semester, or a baseball player in the first, etc. I observe this rule in order not to make you ineligible for your sports. If you have come to college solely to develop a strong back and a weak mind, I will be the last one to say you nay. You are all pretty clever, but I must say the breed has improved in the last twenty years. Let me tell you a story about one of our heroes of two decades back.

Some one had found him on a farm out west. He was as big and strong as a bull moose, and just about as smart. I happened to *know the woman with whom he lived the first year*. She said he had seen knives and forks before,

but was not very familiar with their uses. When she had shown him the bathtub he had innocently remarked that "he didn't guess he could sleep in that."

Anyway they got him enrolled, and a football suit. The first game came, and he hadn't learned any signals. After he had messed up several attempted plays, the quarterback became exasperated.

"Damn it, Dutch, take the ball through center," and he pointed at the opposing line.

That was our first undefeated season.

I remember one day I met him on the campus. He was lying under a tree, reading a book, with a terrific scowl on his face. I saw that the book was upside down, and asked him what was wrong.

"Aw, prof," he said plaintively, "I never should have taken this French course."

You boys are not in Dutch's class, I hope. I recall vaguely some statement in our paper which the football coach made lately about his two "Phi Betes." I hail a new era.

I note with interest that the *feminine* element is running true to form. I refer to the dear girls separating themselves in groups in various parts of the hall, according to their lodges. Give me a week and I will name your sorority by the seat you sit in. This protective segregation is one of the things I like about our campus. It keeps our sons and daughters from coming in contact with those outside the pale of their own sacred tribes. So many of this era's college students simply do not belong my dear, the strongest people—. Keep yourselves from vexing and controversial thoughts. Keep yourselves from all thoughts. Stop me before I tell you the old French fable of the man who induced the bellwether of his evening's flock to leap over a cliff's edge. Stay in the parade, and beat your own little drums.

To be serious for a moment, I have something to tell you charming young ladies, especially those who have giggled so appreciatively at regular intervals. I do not correct the papers, and your grade is the average from them. So it will



do you no good to sit in the front row with your legs crossed, or to smile and sigh with a rapt look on your beautiful but meaningless faces. It will do you no good to crowd around my desk after class, and try to appear interested by the silly questions you ask. It will do you no good to come to my office and waste my time in prating of inconsequential nothings. I have a wife, and two daughters. All three of them are older than any of you. My life has been devoted to hearing them talk. If any of you think you can produce one plea that I haven't heard a dozen times, you are welcome to try. About a foot beneath this iron-grey thatch of mine there beats a warm and sympathetic heart. Try and get to it.

We have a few books to read which you can get at the library. They are long and you may not like them. If you wish, you can read them; I think they are well worth the time and trouble. For the sake of the activities' women, the sorority-house hurdlers, the athletes, and those poor unfortunates who work so hard to earn their expenses that they haven't time to study, I will put on the board the name and address of a young man who will sell an outline of the books and my lectures for two dollars and a half. Anyone who studies this for six hours will pass the course easily. The boy told me that my course paid one-third of his tuition last semester. Could these be a finer tribute to any professor's work? I ask you!

By this time a good percentage of you has decided to hibernate for the remainder of the course. I ask those people to leave me five cents, or better, six self-addressed, stamped postcards. With these I will notify when we are to have quizzes, the date of the final examination, and your grade. In that way we need see little of each other, and you are luckier. I hope we part as friends. It has been pleasant to lecture to you this term.

Please pass out quietly, and do not wake the sleepers, unless you know they have classes the next hour.



Freddie the Freshman believes in holding fast to his ideals. In fact, he holds 'em so tight that the poor girls scream right out.

Reserve "Red Cat"

"My cow has the hiccoughs and churns her own butter now."

Chicago "Phoenix"



1st drunk: "We jush pledged (hic) an athalete."

2nd Phi Delta: "Ethel who?"



LETTERS OF AN INFANT PRODIGY

as dictated to

VACANT LOTT

Dear Maw:

Sorry I can't write you myself but one of those darn safety pins came unfastened in class the other day and I stuck my thumb so badly that I haven't been able to sit down for a week. Thanks for the rattle and the rubber panties, Maw—now I can rattle myself to sleep in comfort.

Maw, I have sad news for you. Remember how you and the old man warned me about the city slickers I'd meet here? Well, I tried to slip one over on them and sell Lake Michigan to some sucker. But Maw, would you believe it? Of all the guys to pick from, I had to pick on the guy who really owned the dern puddle! He was so sore that I had to pay him ten bucks to keep him from calling a cop. And that ain't the worst, Maw. I hate to say it, but I've fallen in love with an older woman. She's one of those ravishing red-heads with a skin as smooth as the water in Lake Michigan—maybe that's why it made such a fish out of me! But Maw, you should see her face and neck, it's simply gorgeous. That's what really got me goin'—I mean comin'. Hell—I don't know whether I'm comin' or goin', Maw! Anyway, like all red-heads she's a temperamental little witch—y'see, her old man sells baling wire to the farmers around here, maybe that's why she's a little haywire herself. I suppose you and the old man will be having fits with me running around with a red-headed older woman, but hell, Maw, she ain't much older, in years. But experience—tsk! Honest, Maw, she ain't a day over twelve and I'll be eleven in May—that ain't so bad, is it? I feel right at home 'cause she's a prodigy, too—in fact I never felt better in my life. She wears the cutest little hair ribbons—honest Maw, you'd just love her to death. I love her, too, but not to death.



He: I'm going to kiss you till the cows come home.

She: Oh, but my brothers are policemen.

He: Okay, sister, I'll kiss you till the bulls come home.



Maybe I better tell you a bit about how school has been going since I entered here for the second semester. I ain't been doing so good in Hygiene! The first day I was in class, Maw, a dumb looking guy with spats on came walking into the classroom just as someone was going to open a window. So, to show the class that I knew all the answers, I pointed to the spats and hollered, "Shut the window before he flies out!" Was his face red, and did the class laugh—at me! The hell of it was, Maw, he turned out to be my Professor. But don't worry, Maw, I'll bull through somehow — you know *I used to work in the stables back home so I'm used to shoveling it.* There's one course I'm taking that's so lousy it stinks — Accounting B. o.—I mean, B. zero. However, there's some consolation — I just take a cake of Lifebuoy to class and everything is oke. There's some more consolation, too, Maw. She's a mathematical blonde, and she sits next to me—you know, Maw, the kind that can sure handle her figure — I mean, figures! We're pretty well acquainted with each other now, so much so, that she says I'm maybe a little *too* familiar at times. I call her Miss Take 'cause she was so easily made and she has such taking ways about her—but really, Maw, you'd like her. She's one of those clinging vine types—when she wants anything, she clings to a guy and vines until she gets it. After class yesterday she got up and started to leave and I asked her where she was going and she said she was going to pieces so I asked her to save one for me. That's how I got this black eye, Maw—she sure packs a hefty right! Well, anyway, to relieve the situation, as they say at Yale, I said, "Baby, there's something about you that reminds me of a shy little violet!" "Well," she said. "That perfume you have on brings visions of a bed of pansies to me, sonny boy! Tell me, are you dry behind the ears yet?" I says, "Madame, I'll have you know I'm a precocious child!" "Yeah?" she said. "Well, I'm always pretty cautious myself, especially when I'm on a date." "Is that so?" I says. Just then I

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remembered that I'd been having nightmares about her lately, so I said, "You know, the other night I dreamed that I was caught downstairs in your sorority house with nothing but my pants on. Isn't that funny?" "Hell," she said. "That's not so funny, why I've had men caught *upstairs* in the house just vice-versa. I can see the big *boobs* now!" This kind of floored me, Maw, so she started to walk out on me.

"Well, Abyssinia, Sonny-Boy," she said. And I says, "So long, I want to see Samoa you soon!" "Well," she quips. "Just drop around the gym some day when I'm in class — swimming class!" "Oke!" I says. "Shall I come a la Lucky Strike?" "Oh, you mean Nature in the Raw?" And I said, "Yeah, and when I'm that way, baby, I'm anything but mild!" "Sonny," she said. "If you went swimming you'd float." "So?" I says. "Yeah! With that solid ivory head of yours—you *couldn't* sink!" And with that crack she left me.

(Continued on Next Page)



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But Maw, she's a nice girl! Almost as nice as the brunette I went to the Junior Prom with. Say! Maybe I better tell you about this, too, Maw. My first date with a co-ed.

College is a funny place, Maw, the students go to a dance and about the only thing they don't do, is dance. *I made a fortune selling cots at the Junior Prom*, that is, before my date got the blind staggers and passed out on me—she was a blind date, though, so I didn't care much! But she was sure hard to please, Maw! You see the night of the Junior Prom, it was awfully cold, so I took a gallon, a quart, and a pint of bathtub stuff along with me. The gallon was to keep the car from freezing, the quart was to keep me warm, and the pint was to warm up my blind date. Well, the evening ended up with me drinking a pint, the car was lucky to get a quart, and my date guzzled the gallon. Gawd! I swear she must have a tin leg, Maw! She can sure hold her likker. And is she hot! She's so torrid that even in zero weather when I roll the windows down and open the doors of the car, the windshield still gets all steamed up—to say nothing of myself! Y'know, Maw, a fellow may take a girl out, but it's usually the girl who takes the fellow in. I ain't been taken in yet, Maw, but I've been out more than once. But to get back to the Junior Prom—y'see, Maw, we went to a dinner party given by a bunch of my date's Scotch friends and when we got there—they were all tight! Believe you me, Maw, there's nothing tighter than a drunk Scotchman. Lord—I've never *seen* so many people under the table at a dinner party before! Somebody had dropped a nickle. Well, anyway they were all telling funny stories—I heard one about the baby that had the colic, and Maw, it's a howl! I'll have to tell it to you in my next letter but I'm afraid I gotta go now, Maw—and when y'gotta go—!

Your loving infant and prodigy,
PARALYSIS.



She Golfball: "What do you mean
—Bobby Jones shot his father a couple of years ago?"

He Golfball: "Didn't the papers say
'Bobby Jones Shoots Par'?"

CHIVALRY

Little Jasper trembled with excitement. Such a project had never occurred to him before.

"I'll go alone. I'm not afraid, Mother. You've nursed me through childhood. Gad! I'll never forget. But I'm something of a man now. Yes, sir; one of that seething mass called youth. And what's more, I'm game. I don't need your help as I once did. Cripes! Mom, don't cry! We men gotta stick together. I won't be long — just wait."

Little Jasper's face beamed with angelic nonchalance as he pushed open the door to the men's room.

Pennsylvania "Punch Bowl"

Many of these radical agitators are labor pains.

New York "Mercury"

A coy young maiden walked into a doctor's office, went over to the middle aged man, explained her troubles and asked him to examine her shoulder. He responded agreeably and began to examine her thoroughly. It was not long until the blushing young maiden looked down and said, "But, doctor, that isn't my shoulder you're examining." "That's all right," he said, "I'm not the doctor."

Exchange

Do you believe in the stork?
Why should I? I've been pretty lucky so far.

Delta: Have you heard the one about the lady who had no children?

Delta: No, tell me.

Delta: She was a Baroness.

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